

THE QUIVER

Saturday, July 13, 1858.



(Drawn by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.)

"This is not the way to gain strength. Miss Esther."—p. 690.

THE STORY OF AUNT JUDITH'S LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

I DID not recover from the effects of the fever as quickly as Aunt Judith had done, but remained a decided invalid all through the winter,

and when the spring set in I became languid and depressed. It was then that Dr. Heathfield renewed his invitation to me, and feeling too weak to rebel, I found myself, a few days after—

wards, propped up by cushions, with Nina by my side, in the doctor's carriage, and on the way to Norsfall Grange. I can distinctly recall my first introduction to the doctor's sister, who was his sole remaining relative, and remember the impression which her dull brown hair and prominent bright eyes had upon me; but I seem to have no recollection of any other circumstance connected with the earlier part of my visit. Towards its end, a letter was brought in one morning at breakfast, and the servant as he handed it to the doctor said that the bearer was waiting for an answer; and well do I remember what a start the doctor gave as he opened it and exclaimed, "Arthur Nugent has come home!"

Young as I was I could not fail to contrast the emotion betrayed in his voice, with the cool tone in which Miss Heathfield answered, "What a strange fancy!" And while the doctor read the letter and wrote a reply to it, he frowned and sighed audibly several times; but his sister smiled, and her eyes preserved their invariable brightness. When the doctor had dispatched his answer he came back to the breakfast-table, but the contents of his plate and cup remained untouched. I longed to slide my hand into his in token of my childish sympathy, but a fear of intruding withheld me. Miss Heathfield, however, made no remark until the doctor rose, then, ere he could leave the room, she said, with no lack of accent—

"You are going to the Towers, Charles, I know. May your renewed visits there bring you more happiness than your own quiet home is able to afford."

"Alice," said the doctor, sternly, "if you were jealous of the mother, you might at least exempt the son."

"I jealous!" she retorted; "Ida Grayson was my own chosen friend."

"Let it be so then," said the doctor, with a sigh as he left the room.

"It will not do to let Charles have his own way entirely," she said to me, in answer, I suppose, to my reproachful look of inquiry. "I know better than anybody what an effect Norsfall Towers will have on him."

"There must be a charm in any place inhabited chiefly by bats and owls," I remarked.

"I have no fancy for the society of bats and owls, nor any wish to enter the Towers again," she returned, and, although she smiled as usual, there was evidently a sign of annoyance in her voice.

I remember that she was absent from the room for two hours after this conversation, and that I ensconced myself in the sofa-cushions, and read, becoming at length so lost to all externals, that I was quite startled when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and the doctor's voice exclaimed—

"This is not the way to gain strength, Miss Esther."

In a moment I was on my feet, and then perceived a grey-haired stranger standing in the doorway. It was Arthur Nugent I was told in the introduction that followed; but before I had time to scan his face, Miss Heathfield's bright eyes appeared. The doctor seemed like one awakened from a dream; not unnaturally excited, but as if the dream was over, and life was becoming interesting to him. He sat down by me, and taking the book from my hand, pointed out to me the hidden beauty of its best passages. Miss Heathfield appeared to be occupied with her guest; but I always caught her bright eyes intently watching her brother. Something in her glance provoked me, and, at length, before I was aware that I was losing all control over myself, I had gone and seized her by the shoulders; but I know not what chastisement I intended to inflict, for, strong as my grip was, it was loosened by a firmer hand than mine, and which drew me away from my victim. I could not then account for the calming effect which the retention of my hands had upon me; but I can remember feeling my passion gradually subside as if lulled by some strange power, and looking up at last into Arthur Nugent's face, and saying, "Thank you" with a sigh of relief.

CHAPTER IV.

ARTHUR NUGENT remained at Norsfall Towers, and Dr. Heathfield grew young again in his society; and I suddenly awoke to the conviction that the spirit of our home was changed. It was on my seventeenth birthday, and I was standing amidst brick, stone, and mortar, watching the quick movement of the builder's trowel. Long-fellow's idea of man being the architect of his own fate, and Time furnishing him with materials in to-days and yesterdays, was uppermost in my mind, when my train of thought was interrupted by the unexpected appearance of Arthur Nugent.

"Why so serious, Esther?" he asked, as he extended his hand to me.

"Because," I answered directly, "the blocks life has furnished me with are so misshapen and crooked, that I fear for the safety of the building."

He understood my meaning at once, and quietly returned—

"If the foundation is a rock, Esther, why should you fear? Besides, you have at least to-day to improve upon."

"To-day," I said, "I am afraid will be but little better than the yesterdays of seventeen long years. But," I added, after a pause, "the fact of beginning to care about it is a step, I hope."

"You have begun to care before to-day, Esther,"

he said, taking both my hands in his, and looking straight into my face; and it was then, as I met those eyes, so full of earnestness and truth, which seemed to read me so plainly, that the conviction came upon me that some unacknowledged influence had brought about changes in our home which had not failed to affect me.

"Esther," said Arthur Nugent, again interrupting my thoughts, "your aunt sent me to bring you back; she objects to your being so far from home unattended."

I felt the blood rush to my face, and the veins in my temples distend, and I turned away from him as if I would resent the attempt to control me by a most precipitate retreat. I clenched my hands as I rushed away, till the action became painful; then I stopped, and Arthur Nugent joined me again. "Oh, Arthur!" I said, as soon as I could speak, "it is as I said, to-day is no better than yesterday."

As I raised my tearful eyes, he returned me a grave but kind smile, and answered—

"St. Augustine says—'We make a ladder out of our faults, if we trample on the faults themselves.' Is there not, in that thought, encouragement to persevere, Esther?"

I made no answer; he needed none. He spoke, I knew, only to help me to rise again; for Arthur Nugent rarely indulged in this style of conversation. Yet it was he who had stirred up our home—had put fresh energy into Aunt Judith, and pointed out to me the way to rise above my natural self; but the influence emanated from his example of the faith which works by love, not from his words.

"The builders are getting on fast with the church now," I remarked, after a long pause, as we walked back. "I shall be glad when it is finished. I suppose if you had not come back to Norsfall, it would never have been built."

"Yes, Esther," he said, with a grave smile; "another instrument would have been found, I have no doubt; these benighted people would have had somebody else sent to care for them. But now, you see, it will be far enough from your home."

"But so much nearer than the parish church," I returned; "and you know I am used to long walks and rides."

"Yes, I know you are," he said, "and I shall propose that you ride with me to the Towers this afternoon. The picture gallery is finished at last, and I want you to see it."

I had often been to Norsfall Towers, Aunt Judith's depopulated world, but had never been admitted into the picture gallery: at first, on account of its dilapidated state, and latterly because it had been under repair. I can remember well how the sun streamed in through the

lancet windows on that afternoon of my seventeenth birthday, and how, despite that summer sun, when I thought of Aunt Judith's friends, the wind seemed to play round every turret of the house, whistling "Where?" And I can remember also the tone of pride in which Arthur Nugent said, as he uncovered one of the pictures, "This is my father's portrait, Esther."

The picture fully justified the tone; I felt that, as I stood gazing on the brow of marble whiteness, shaded by the raven black hair. A smile played round the firmly-set mouth, which harmonised with the soft expression of the dark and searching eyes, while it imparted no idea of a vacillating or weak character. I could not withdraw my eyes from the picture, and I suppose my silent admiration betrayed itself, for Arthur soon said, "The artist did him justice, but nothing more. You do not recognise any likeness to him in me?"

"None," I answered at first; but as I turned to him I caught the same expression about the eyes. I did not, however, like to say so, therefore added, "But you are so much older."

"Yes; perhaps there was more likeness before my hair turned grey," he said, reflectively.

I did not turn again from the portrait until I heard him say, with a sigh, "And this was my mother."

It was the likeness of a young girl, very fair and pretty, and that was all.

"My recollection of my mother," he continued, "does not at any time correspond with this portrait, but Miss Shapcote affirms it to have been a very correct likeness when taken."

"Was Aunt Judith her friend as well as Miss Heathfield?" I asked.

A grave, sad smile passed over his face as he said, "Esther, your aunt would like you to know the story of her life, and at her request I will tell you now as much as I know of it. My mother became an orphan at the early age of ten, and was left to the sole guardianship of my grandfather, who was her father's cousin. She was, in consequence, brought up here, and by Mrs. Heathfield's desire, educated with Alice, who, being an only girl, needed a companion, and whose brother shared the same tutor as my father. Just as they were ripening into man and woman, the Shapcotes came to reside at Norsfall; they were old friends of the Heathfields, and, accordingly, had a warm welcome to the neighbourhood. Often have I heard my father describe the peerless beauty of your aunt as she first came amongst them—a description confirmed not only by our friend Dr. Heathfield, but by the perfect outline of face and figure which at sixty-five she retains. Her mind, too, was as marvellous as her beauty, for she had voluntarily shared in all the deep studies of her eldest and favourite brother, who

was your grandfather, Esther, and who was married and settled before the family came to Norsfall. Wherever she appeared she was the centre of attraction, dazzling all alike, and most especially my mother, whose gentle and confiding nature found in her something worth resting upon. Alice Heathfield alone was proof against her dazzling qualities, nor could she once be persuaded to admit their existence, affirming instead that pride and violent temper were the characteristics of the Shapcotes, and that she could trace both in every line of your aunt's face, and in every one of her actions. Time went on; my father loved your aunt with all the ardour of a first young love, and that it was reciprocated, nobody but Alice Heathfield thought of doubting. There had been no declaration, for both knew that any premature act on their parts would lead to their immediate separation. At Oxford my grandfather had quarrelled with Mr. Shapcote, and the breach had never been healed, therefore an alliance was desired by neither. Esther, I am coming to a very sad part of my story. Our friend, Dr. Heathfield, had gone to London, having just made choice of the medical profession, and he was directed by my grandfather to send down some celebrated artist to decorate this room for a picture gallery. The artist came, and then Mr. Shapcote suddenly discovered how attractive the Towers had become to his daughter, and peremptorily forbade any further communication, not only frustrating her plan of joining in the lessons which the artist was engaged to give, but also refused to allow her to give any reason for her withdrawal. In vain did Alice Heathfield endeavour to sustain the interest in the artist's progress, by coming daily to the Towers, and striving to make my mother believe that both of them had a passion for drawing; but my father was entirely engrossed in the thought of your aunt's unaccountable absence, and the sudden tidings of her having gone abroad with the rest of her family which followed. The Shapcotes returned to Norsfall in the following year, during the London season, when the Towers were always supposed to be shut up. That year, however, my grandfather's gout rendered the journey to town impracticable. The Shapcotes were not aware of this fact, and your aunt, immediately on her return, determined to resist her father's authority, and satisfy her longing desire to see this room in its finished state. Accordingly she came here secretly, and on her arrival was admitted, without discovering that the family was at home. At her request, the servant brought her into this gallery, and it was standing before this portrait of my father that she was found by him, with tears in her beautiful eyes. Alice Heathfield was close at his elbow, and exclaimed, before he could speak—

"Tears are even becoming to the stately Judith!"

"The thought of her father's violent anger, and the fact of being found in tears before this picture, goaded your aunt beyond control; and a few ill-directed sentences from Alice Heathfield, succeeded in turning her wrath suddenly upon my father, who could not afterwards recall the words which passed between them, although he never forgot that in her madness, she struck him."

Arthur Nugent paused awhile, then added—

"That same day, Esther, a letter from Alice Heathfield conveyed to her brother the intelligence of my father's engagement to my mother—my gentle mother!" and he fixed his eyes lovingly on her picture. "How she pined for that love which she had to learn by degrees was never hers! It crushed her, Esther, although she outlived her husband."

"Both died abroad," I ventured to say.

"Yes, both," he answered. "My father's death was sudden. My mother had received a letter from Alice Heathfield, announcing your father's death. Your aunt had nursed him through a long and trying illness, during which, except for her, he would have been homeless, having been disinherited on account of his marriage, in a fit of fury, by your grandfather, Miss Shapcote's favourite brother. 'Judith Shapcote proposes to devote herself, now, to his orphan child,' said Alice Heathfield, in her letter; 'and I am glad she should have an object for life. I have my devoted brother Charles; you, dear Ida, have your noble husband; and Judith her dear little great-niece. How well it has all ended!' After my mother had read this passage aloud, she said, in an undertone, 'Was Alice blind, I wonder, or did she really never know?' 'We will not inquire,' said my father, solemnly. 'She is satisfied; and you forgive me, Ida.' I rose with the intention of leaving the room, but was just in time to save my father from the floor. He never spoke again, and died a few days afterwards."

There was a long silence, then. I had sat down on one of the chairs, and, burying my face in my hands, wept uninterruptedly.

"Esther," said Arthur, at length, "has it been too much for you?"

"Oh, no," I answered; "but I might well say that to-day would be no better than the yesterdays of my life. How can I ever expect to conquer my temper?"

There was a pause, followed by, "Esther—

"Not with a sword by bloodshed stained,
Not for a wreath that, soon as gained,
Shall fade upon thy brow;
But with the sword of God's good Word,
And for the 'Well done!' of thy God,
Go forth and conquer, now!"

BRUTALITY TO BRUTES.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.



HE amount of gratuitous suffering inflicted on the lower animals in London was a disgrace to a civilised community until the Legislature interfered. It is still an unchristian scandal. That interference of the law exonerates the public, and leaves the guilt of cruelty on individual delinquents. Lord Erskine, in an admirable address, which he delivered in the House of Lords, in the year 1809, on the second reading of a "Bill for Preventing Cruelty to Animals," set forth its preamble in the following judicious and solemn terms :—

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to subdue to the dominion, use, and comfort of man the strength and faculties of many useful animals, and to provide others for his food; and whereas the abuse of that dominion by cruel and oppressive treatment of such animals, is not only highly unjust and immoral, but most pernicious in its example, having an evident tendency to harden the heart against the natural feelings of humanity"—therefore, his lordship maintained the interposition of a Christian Legislature was called for on behalf of animals, and that "in the name of that God who gave to man his dominion over the lower world, he would acknowledge and recognise that dominion to be a *moral trust*."

This proposition cannot be gainsayed without denying the whole foundation of all our duties, moral as well as social. Mark the proof of this assertion in the Word of God. Some readers of THE QUIVER may not have noted how fully and distinctly God has pronounced upon this subject, or how frequently and prominently the destinies of the lower creatures are mixed up with the brightest prospects of the saints of the Church of Christ. I hope to show this theme presents topics of interest to the most spiritually-minded man, as well as materials for grave consideration to every class and age of society. Let none allow themselves to turn away with a sneer or a yawn from an inquiry, which, lowly as it is, the Spirit of inspiration has deemed of sufficient moment to include within the canon of Scripture. As in ancient Rome, in the triumphal procession of the returning general, his servants led his war-horse caparisoned with the insignia of the conqueror, the dumb comrade of his perils and fatigues always an interesting feature in the train; so in the future triumph of the true Hero of all human kind, the Prince of Peace, when He shall reappear in all the glorious consummations of that victory which overcometh the world, and sin, and death, the prophet writes, "In that day shall there be

upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord!" Isaiah, in his magnificent details of the results of Christ's second coming and kingdom of peace, includes the mutual reconciliation of all the inferior animals in the delightful reign of joy and happiness. By the graphic link of "the child playing at the hole of the asp" and leading the lion and the lamb feeding together, the prophet connects the pacific influence of the Redeemer on reptile, bird, and beast, with man in his millennial state, dismissing the swelling strain of prophecy with the parting note of triumph—"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain." Zechariah, in the passage just quoted relating to "bells on the horses," delivers the ruling motive and ground of the universal peace and mutual kindness—viz., that everything shall be then regarded as the Lord's property, devoted to him, and owned as his. On all our merchandise, goods, and chattels—on all our gifts and talents—on all the minutest secular and domestic concerns of life, will be recognised "the mark of the Lord Jesus; even the horses as they pass to their daily labours shall ring their bridle bells to the sacred melody of "Holiness to the Lord." If it be the duty of professing servants of God to be ever looking for and hasting to the coming of the Lord,—if it be their mark and privilege to be at once cultivating those sentiments, habits, and tastes which will harmonise with the anticipated reign of grace and amity; then, among other feelings of a higher and holier order, the sentiment of pity and kindness to the brute creation is clearly one—so clearly, indeed, that it is laid down as one index of the spiritual character, that "the righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." In arguing the claims of the brute creation, I assert—

Firstly, their right, as the creatures of God, in common with ourselves, to these three things—viz., to their natural food, necessary rest, and uniform kindness.

Secondly,—I found their claim on three arguments—viz., on the law of God, on the example of Christ, and on the nature of the case.

Thirdly,—I notice the demoralising influence of cruelty on the cruel themselves.

May the Lord, who "is very pitiful, and of tender mercy," enable me, in the touching language of the sacred proverb, to "open my mouth for the dumb," and create a just impression on my readers' minds of the combined humanity and imperative obligation of obedience to the Divine injunctions of kind and considerate treatment for the brute creation.

When Captain Jenkins, in the reign of George II., exhibited before the House of Commons his mutilated ear, and the barbarous wounds with which the Spaniards had tortured him at sea, accompanying their treatment of him with insulting language against our King, he said, when they threatened him with death, "I commended my soul to God, and my cause to my country." His barbarous treatment so aroused the indignation of the members that war was proclaimed with Spain. Could we exhibit the torn, scourged, and mangled body of many a poor dumb brute among our useful, patient, and laborious domestic animals, and detail the blasphemy against God with which their tortures are usually inflicted, the spectacle would be sufficient, we think, to induce us to declare war against cruelty in every form, as an insult to the Creator, and barbarity to his creatures.

We claim for every animal that breathes, under the first department of the question—

(1) *their natural food.*

"The unfledged raven and the lion's whelp
Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs
Of hunger unassuaged."

It is unjust to deprive any creatures of their liberty, or, in other words, of the opportunity of procuring the food that suits them, and then feed them with what may induce disease and abridge life. If we require their services, the least we can do is to "feed them with food *convenient* for them," i.e., proper to their natural habits and organisation. They ask no other wages, except their humble board. They are our cheapest servants, requiring neither money nor clothes. On the contrary, we are not above wearing *their* cast-off clothes, and what our Lord said of the lilies that "toil not, neither do they spin," is equally true of the natural raiment of the humblest creature, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Their lives are spent in our service, at their deaths they bequeath us their little all, and can there be a just excuse for starving, or even stinting them in their food? There can be none, not even the sacredness of the Sabbath, as our Lord taught us: "Doth not each one of you on the Sabbath loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to watering?" The faithful servant of Abraham, Eliezer of Damascus, when he reached Rebekah's household, first fed his camels before he refreshed himself. The magnanimous Sir Philip Sidney, who handed the cup of water from his own parched lips to the dying soldier, accompanied it with an exclamation directly applicable to the weary beast who has borne for us the heat and burden of the day: "Thy necessity is greater than mine!" Many a poor exhausted horse would be saved the hungry pangs arising from the omitting of his meal, if

this generous rule of first feeding our dumb fellow-traveller before we fed ourselves were conscientiously pursued.

(2) We claim for animals their share of *rest*. The cattle have as clear a right to the Sabbath as ourselves, because they are included in the same Sabbatic law, or provision of rest, with "thyself, thy son, daughter, man and maid-servant, and *thy cattle*," and the reason given in Exod. xxiii. 12, is, "that thine ox and thine ass may *rest*;" and in Deut. v. 14, that all our cattle, included in a right of repose equal to our own, "may *rest as well as thou*." Hence it is evident that the man who gives his cattle no regular weekly and daily rest, is a Sabbath-breaker in their persons, and in the consequent abridgment of their lives—a result which was proved in the abolition of the Sabbath in the great French Revolution, when their domestic animals died by tens of thousands—such a trespasser on animal rights is convicted as a murderer under the Divine statute, "Thou shalt not kill." I have no more right to tamper with the life which God gave his dumb creatures than with my own, or my fellow-men's.

(3) The brutes are entitled to *kindness*. When Jacob built a tent for himself, he made booths for his cattle to shelter and lodge them. I have been often struck with reading among the rigorous and fearful things of the law of "the letter that killeth," the many tender and humane directions which are given as to the treatment of the lower orders of animals.

Secondly.—We claim this provision of food, rest, and kindness to the brute creation on the law of God, on the example of Christ, on the precedent of saints, and on the nature of the case.

There is (1) *the law of God*. Deut. xxii. contains a rich and suggestive variety of humane directions on behalf of animals, which deserve to be written in letters of gold. Some of the following are among them, which we may call the Decalogue of the Rights of the Beasts of the Field. They are virtually the Ten Commandments, issued from the same authority, and, being in their nature moral, presenting the same sanction and perpetuity of obligation, as the Commandments given on Sinai. Let us briefly pass them in review. There is:—

I. "Thou shalt not see thy brother's ox or his sheep go astray, and hide thyself from them: thou shalt in any case bring them again to thy brother."

II. "Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass or his ox fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them: thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again." Not as we frequently see them, flogged, goaded, and tortured, to compel them to rise with

a burthen which the fact of their having sunk under it, was the cruel evidence of its excess beyond their strength to support. A horse would no sooner fall on purpose, than we should ourselves.

III. "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young." Wanton, idle boys never think, when robbing a bird's nest, that their attempt to take the dam with her young ones, is not only a crime against humanity, but an actual sin against God. The precept makes use of the mother bird as a living diagram by which to inculcate a lesson of filial tenderness and honour to human beings.

IV. "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together;" evidently lest the unequal yoke gall both—a kind of cruelty perpetrated in many other forms, all of which are hereby condemned.

V. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," a precept on which St. Paul founds the minister's right of maintenance, as he who provides spiritual food for others should himself be fed. How many of us are indebted for food and comfort to the labours of the horse! It is neither justice nor common humanity to starve or stint the generous creature, who has forsaken its own means of subsistence to exhaust its energies in securing ours.

VI. "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk" (Exod. xxiii. 19). A tender injunction, obviously intended to promote respect for the natural yearnings of parental instinct, and, through them—*a fortiori*—to sanction the like law in its human relations.

VII. Against a selfish preference of our own ease and comfort to the lives of our cattle, God rebuked Jonah: "Thou hast had pity on the gourd: and should not I spare Nineveh, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?" Here, it seems, the Lord made the presence of innocent cattle an additional reason, like the inhabitation of righteous persons in Sodom, why he should spare the city.

VIII. "Thou shalt not let thy cattle gender with a diverse kind," as if an unbroken succession of their species were to be held as sacred.

IX. "Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest, that thine ox and thine ass may rest as well as thou."

X. In prohibition of the infliction of all unnecessary pain in the slaughter of animals for food, or for sacrifice, the Levitical law is express and repeated: "Thou shalt kill the bullock," and, after that, "cut it into his pieces." Cowper sung:

"On Noah, and in him, on all mankind,
The charter was conferred, by which we hold
The flesh of animals in fee, and claim
O'er all we feed on power of life and death;
But read the instrument and mark it well;
Th' oppression of a tyrannous control
Can find no warrant there. Feel then, and yield
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous through sin,
Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute."

These passages comprise what I venture to call the decalogue of the birds of the air, and of the beasts of the field. If any higher sanction for respecting their claims than the Law of God be needed, let there be added that beautiful prediction of the tender mercies of the Gospel, where Isaiah (xl. 11) paints the symbol of what a good shepherd in the fields should be to his irrational flock, by the pastoral emblem of Christ's tender mercies to his people: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." The parallel implies that these acts of consideration should as uniformly characterise the ordinary herdsman, as they served to illustrate the covenant mercies of the Good Shepherd who laid down his life for his sheep—which was our 2nd point—viz., the example of Christ, not only in a spiritual sense, but in the shape of secular humanity. His tender recognition of the claims of the lower animals may be discerned in his touching references to the "hen gathering her chickens under her wings," as the image of his own protecting love for his people; in his not separating "the colt, the foal of an ass," from its mother, but specially ordering both to be brought, even for the occasion of his triumphal entry into Jerusalem; in his declaration of God's providence of food for the sparrow, not one of whom "falleth to the ground" for its prey, without finding it there; in his admonition, "Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap, which have neither storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them;" and in his benediction on the tried faith of the Syrophenician mother, when the expression of her faith meekly assumed the form of a maxim of humanity, that "the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table."

There is (3) the precedent of the saints. David, like his illustrious Descendant, borrowed some of his sweetest and most striking metaphors from the instincts and habits of the dumb. Would he express his humility? his image is, "I am a worm; or his patriotic yearning to spare his people? "As for these sheep," he cried, "what have they done?" or his devotion to the sanctuary? he could envy even, "the sparrow that hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts."

Would Job illustrate the mighty power of God? he deduces his evidences from the lion, the raven, the wild goat, the hind, the wild ass, the unicorn

or rhinoceros, the peacock, the ostrich, the horse, the hawk, the eagle, the behemoth or elephant, the leviathan or crocodile. Shall these humbler forms of animal life be deemed beneath the just attention of man, whose names are counted worthy of insertion in the Book of God? God, *their* Creator as well as ours, teaches us otherwise; and if man should boast himself as the lord of creation, a day of reckoning comes, when the manner of his rule and lordship shall be required at his hands. Cruelty of any kind is utterly incompatible with the Christian spirit. It is an unseemly violation of the law of love and pity, which entails upon its transgressor the Divine and righteous retaliation, "He shall have judgment without mercy who showed no mercy."

"Learn of me," said the Saviour, "for I am meek and lowly." "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his; for the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Cruelty involves a frame of mind at open war with all these, and demonstrates a man, whatever his religious profession may be, to be "still in the gall of bitterness, and without part or lot in the matter."

The final point we reserve for a future paper. We close with the humiliating thought that, but for our sin, there would have been no suffering at all in the inferior creatures. The shriek of animal pain is an echo of that first transgression which "brought death into our world, and all our woe." God surrounds us, on all sides and in every shape, with abasing evidences and painful illustrations of the fall of man from the grace, innocence, and happiness in which he issued from the creative hand of his Maker, as if to deprive us of every excuse for overlooking the fact, and not applying at once to the only remedy for sin and all its consequences, "the blood that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Thus the discussion of every point of moral duty inevitably brings us round, like the law in general, to Christ, "for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." Believing in him, the soul grows sensitive, lies open to lessons from any, even the humblest teachers, like the heart-smitten Peter, to whose already broken spirit the crowing of a cock was homily enough to send him out to weep bitterly. The Lord soften every hard heart, and bring us to "that repentance that needeth not to be repented of!"

FATHER AND FIRST-BORN.

BABE, little babe of my own true wife,
Lie you close on your father's breast—
Flesh of our flesh and life of our life—
Till I have lulled you to rest.

Nay, you will sleep not yet, do you say?
Weary of laughter and weary of play?
Dance, little bird, upon father's arm,
Dance like a bough that is tossed in the storm:
Beat, little feet, as hard as ye list,
Beat on my breast, little feet; little fist,
Strike on my shoulder with palm and wrist;
Strike as you dance, keeping time to your dancing,
Strike, keeping time to your elfin prancing:
Pout, rosy lips, for a kiss and a kiss;
Kiss, till the face is a-glow with your bliss:
Push at my brow, tangle my hair:
Gurgle and laugh as you leap in the air—
Who is it calls for a kiss from you now?
Prattle to mother, lay mouth to her brow;
Press mother's face with a tiny palm;
Blow on her cheek with breath of balm;
Look in her eyes with eyes of mine—
I have seen hers in your glances shine,
Seen her smile on your baby-lips,
Felt her touch in your finger-tips—
Child of my maiden of lovesome days,
Child of my dove of the winsome ways,
Babe, little babe of my own true wife,
Flesh of our flesh, life of our life!

Ah, you would go to her bosom, I see?
Weary of dancing, and weary of me.

Leap on her breast in a new delight;
Stretch little fingers dimpled and white,
Stretch to me, telling 'I love you still';
Smile at me pleadingly, 'Judge me not ill.'
Nay, for with both is your soul inwove
With an even joy and an even love.
Dear, as he sits on thine arm, I feel
He is claspt in my own; as he lies on thy
breast,

'Tis just as on mine he lay caressed.
Mine and thine in woe and in weal,
Clutch him, and kiss him on brow and on cheek;
Pat little limbs that are frail and weak;
Sway him and swing him to left and to right,
Toss him and whirl him, so frail and light,
Laugh to him, sing to him all the sweet day,
Play with him, fondle him long as we may.

For baby-limbs grow strong and stout;
And years run by as fleet as wind;
And knowledge dawns, and gathering doubt
Bursts like a storm across the mind;
New fancies throng the wakening brain;
The soul that long hath blindly lain
Lapt in a sweet confiding joy,

Dependent on the parents' hands
That nurse the babe, that lead the boy.



(Drawn by RAPHAEL NEWCOMER.)

"Prattle to mother, lay mouth to her brow;
Press mother's face with a tiny palm;
Blow on her cheek with breath of balm."—p. 696.

Awakes, and breaks the straitening bands
That bind it, feels its inborn power,
Its splendour, its divinity,
And in some wild adventurous hour
Flings down the dreams of infancy,
The lessons learnt at nursing knee,
And claims of God an ampler dower,
Far-searching, yearning to be free.
God comfort us when first the eyes,
The babe's sweet eyes grown firm and bold,
Frown on us, and reproaches rise
To lips that only smiled of old!
God cheer us, when the soul we hold
Part of our own two spirits blended,
Falls off like some dissevered limb,

And all the light of life grows dim,
And all life's bliss of love seems ended!

Nay, but, dearest, let us be glad—
See, the babe laughs, and can we be sad?
Now when the soul in its tiny shell
Lies so merry, so gay in our grasp,
Ours to kiss and ours to clasp,
Hold him, love him, cherish him well,
Make him a plaything, a toy of our loves,
Fresh as a bud in the dew of the groves;
Sway him and swing him to left and to right;
Toss him and whirl him, so frail, so light;
Laugh to him, sing to him, all the sweet day;
Fondle him, play with him long as we may!

G. F. A.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

RAYMOND'S MOTHER HOLDS OUT A TEMPTATION.



AS Mr. Sylvester returned yet?"

"No, my lady. I will let you know the moment that he does."

The butler made this reply, because her ladyship, as he had been saying down-stairs, had rung to ask the selfsame question three times in half an hour.

She was alone in the drawing-room, but she was not in her usual place by the fire. She had been walking slowly up and down the room, and every now and then, she had drawn the threadbare curtain, and had peered into the darkness. She was so anxious for Raymond to come!

Her thoughts could not be very pleasant ones, during that lonely hour. She must have felt that the foundations were giving way. And she must have been haunted, you would think, by what was beneath: years of wrong; the tears of the widow and the orphan; all the woe and misery attendant on that word—which might have been the watch-word of the Sylvesters—*debt*!

But she had not given up the game. She would hold by the old ruin till it fell, and she fell with it. Hark! that step must be Raymond's! Her face brightened, and she stood with a look of keen expectation. Yes, it was Raymond.

He came in, travel stained, and just as he had dismounted from his horse. He began to apologise. He was courteous to his mother as if she had been an empress. He began to apologise for appearing in such a guise, but she stopped him. Gradually, the stately ceremony that had existed between each other, was giving way.

"Never mind, Raymond!—never mind anything! Just tell me what you have done."

"I have not done anything, dear mother, except reconnoitre," said he.

"Well?"

"It is a sad desolate place, mother. I do not wonder that our tenant was driven out of it."

"Is it past repair?"

"Yes, I fear it is. It wants rebuilding; nothing short of that will do."

"But how can we rebuild?" she spoke pettishly; "you speak as if we had a fortune to fall back upon."

"Then the old Grange must fall down, mother, and the sooner the better."

He had gone to the fire, and was warming himself. She was still standing in the middle of the room. She bit her lip, as if vexed.

"You have not your usual quickness, Raymond. Can't you understand why I sent you on this journey?"

"I suppose to see if anything could be done, dear mother," said Raymond, soothingly. "And I have seen; and I know that it cannot!"

"Raymond," and she came up to him, "could not we live at the Grange?"

"Goodness forbid!" cried he, hastily; a vision of the wretched place he had left rising up before him.

"But it is our own," she said, "it has been an heirloom in our family for centuries. Knights and nobles have lived in it."

"All that is past, dear mother," replied Raymond, in the same soothing tone; "the house has been a pretentious one, I grant, and well tenanted. It has an imposing aspect even now, but it is in ruins."

"Surely some of the rooms must be habitable, and you say it is imposing," she persisted, catching eagerly at the words. "Anything would be better than to have the eyes of all Newbury upon us in our fall. Think of that, Raymond!"

"I do think, mother. But, still, do not let us attempt the Grange. The very thought is horrible! And there is Alice——"

His voice softened as he said it. Alice! his young

and beautiful sister! Oh, no! They could not condemn her to the desolation of the Grange!

Lady Sylvester did not look convinced. There was a wonderful amount of persistence in her nature. But she passed to another topic, or rather another phase of the same.

"Something must be done, Raymond, and that soon."

Raymond did not answer for a little space. There was a blank silence in the great room; at length he said, "Perhaps Mr. Carlton would tide us over——"

"I would not ask him," she interrupted; "and I know if you did, it would be a fruitless humiliation."

"He is rich enough, mother, and he would scarcely like——"

"But think what we owe him," she again interrupted; "besides, I did ask him——"

"You, mother! you——"

"Yes, I—Lady Sylvester, asked him, and was refused."

"Oh, mother! mother!"

And the proud head of Raymond Sylvester was bowed in the bitterness of this new degradation.

"Raymond," said his mother, all the old indomitable fire sparkling in her eye, "are you going to fail me? I am firm, if you are. From the wreck, on which we stand, I have the energy to look round, and scheme, and deliberate. And I—am a woman, Raymond."

He roused himself. There was a sting in the words, that forced him from his dejection. He knew that his mother had no other ally, in the wide world, but himself, and he never meant to fail her: he would be loyal to the last. But he was not so strong as she was, nor so enduring. To look at her, as she stands erect, and grand, in spite of her years and sorrows, you see she is not made of the material that succumbs. There is no yielding in her stern, handsome features, nor ever will be. The light in her eye is unquenchable, till death shall put it out!

"What we want, Raymond," and she came and touched his arm; "what we want, is some piece of fortune, such as happens, now and then, to desperate men and women. Fortune has a wheel, you know; well, we want it to go up!"

"Where is the fortune to come from, mother? It is too late to earn it——"

"Earn! Whoever talks of earning to us?" said she, scornfully.

"I can think of no other way, mother; we have no rich relations to make us their heirs. We are not likely to find a treasure, such as we read of in old legends," said Raymond, with a short bitter laugh.

She was silent a moment; then she laid her hand again on his arm.

"There are times, Raymond, in the lives of the young, when treasures come to them unasked. How do other families build themselves up from ruins? Look round and see!"

A bright colour flushed into his face; he knew what she meant, but he did not speak.

"They do it, Raymond"—she spoke the words

deliberately, and with great meaning—"they do it by marriage!"

Still he did not speak. It was a subject fraught with such intolerable pain that he wondered she should allude to it. But she continued; she was a relentless woman, this high-born Lady Sylvester—

"It has come to an issue, my son; there is no disguising the fact. We are on the very brink of ruin: we cling, as it were, to the verge of the precipice. There is no place for the sole of our foot, but where we have last planted it. What are we to do? Are we to be saved or lost?"

Her clear, unflinching voice thrilled through him. He bowed his head in silence. From out the darkness and the despair there shone upon him the sweet, mournful eyes of Josephine. Yes, and it might be for the last time! He was too much agitated to speak.

"Raymond," and she bent over him, like another temptress intent on weaving her net, and making it strong, "Raymond, my son, let me tell you what is in store for you. I can see it more plainly than you can. It is either *this*, or *that*: to be rescued; to be built up; to be once again the Sylvesters; to be saved by *you*, Raymond; or to sink down, down! But I shall not sink. No; I could not live to see the ruin consummated; my heart would break!"

"Mother!" his white face was raised to hers, "mother!"

It was an appeal to her mercy; but he might have spared it. She did not care about his Josephine—she never had. What did *she* know of love, or of those sweet passages in a young life, when one heart vows to be faithful to another; when *heart* blends with *heart*? She had never loved. Her own marriage had been one of policy, and cold ambition. Talk to *her* of love! He had better talk to the winds.

"And what is it, after all, Raymond? Has not the past tended to it? The steps you have taken—nobly and generously—would have no point without *this*. And it is to be happy——"

"Happy! Oh, mother!"

The intense bitterness and sadness of the tone, cannot be described.

"Yes, happy; I repeat it," said she, relentlessly. "Those early infatuations are often disappointments; and poverty is a bitter heritage, my son: we have learnt *that*, too well!"

Bitter! yes, *this* poverty was bitter. But with Josephine, there would have been no poverty. That would have been a life calm and blessed, and full of resource. She would not have sat in slothful misery, as they did. He did not speak his thoughts aloud. He knew all *that* was over; he knew he had made shipwreck of his treasure, and was drifting helplessly on the wild waves, without helm or compass. Let her do with him as she would! He had lost Josephine!

But she was resolved that he should answer her. It was time he made some response.

"Is it not so, Raymond?"

"Mother! what can I say to you? You are very

hard upon me. There should, at least, be some interval—"

"Interval! what, with the wolf at the door? Interval!"

He bowed his head lower and lower. It seemed as if the burden were heavier than he could bear. She put her arms round him. She had a variety of weapons she could use. Her touch was soft and motherly; her kisses were on his cheek.

"Raymond, you will not fail us! You are all we have to cling to. We are two poor helpless women: we cannot work; we cannot beg—you would not have us starve. We cannot shelter here much longer. Even these bare walls refuse to befriend us. Pitiless faces hem us in on every side. We shall have no sympathy; they would raze the old walls even to the ground; we shall be tossed to and fro like waifs on the ocean. We shall have but one refuge, and that is the grave, Raymond!"

She had sunk gradually on her knees—she, Lady Sylvester! his mother, was kneeling before him! He was touched to the very quick; he raised her tenderly; he pressed her in his arms; he told her how dear she was to him; how he was bound to defend and cherish her till the last; how he would make any sacrifice. He wept as he said it, and she wept too. But it was the point to which she had been striving to bring him. She was glad, in her secret heart, even while she wept. She knew, now, that she could bend him to her will. She had touched the right chord at last!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FRANCIS HEATHERLY FALLS IN LOVE.

WHEN Francis Heatherly returned from his visit to Josephine, he was prepared to regard the interview as, on the whole, successful. He was one of those individuals who, if they wish a thing, are resolved that it shall be. He was not in the least daunted by Josephine's point-blank refusal. Indeed, he did not recur to it, even in thought. Whatever she might have said, on the impulse of the moment, it was certain that, in her sober senses, she would not be likely to persist in rejecting him.

Him! Francis Heatherly Esq. Why, it would be madness!

She had not been what he expected. We made this remark before. There was something about her that attracted him. No; she was not handsome; yet what beautiful eyes she had! And how very graceful she was! There was character about her, too. He admired energy and decision, and he was sure that Josephine had both. On the whole, she would be well fitted for the honour he intended to bestow on her. He might—as he wrote down in his note-book—have gone farther and fared worse.

All this settled, he began to look about, and consider what step next he should take. He was very prompt, and he lost no time. He sent for the paper-hanger and the painter.

These two branches of industry were united in the

person of a Mr. Hopkins, long resident in Newbury, and who had, as he assured Francis Heatherly, the honour of serving all the best families in the county.

"Now, Mr. Hopkins," said Francis Heatherly, "I had better tell you, in a few words, what I want doing. I just want the house doing up, from the top to the bottom."

"Papering and painting of course, sir?" and the man of business threw a knowing glance round.

"Yes. I may take it into my head to build by-and-by. There's land, I hear, likely to drop into the market, that it might suit me to buy. But, in the meantime, I am a domestic man—I want a home."

"Exactly, sir—exactly."

"Well, you see the state of the house. I could not bring—I could not be comfortable in it myself," hastily substituted Francis.

"Exactly, sir;" and Mr. Hopkins rubbed his hands and looked very knowing.

"In fact, I want it done up in first-rate style. There are the drawing and dining-rooms, library, study, boudoir. I must have papers suited to each. I'm a man of correct taste, and I am convinced that ——— However, perhaps you would go over the house with me," added he, again hastily breaking off his communication.

Mr. Hopkins, nothing loth, went over the house. When they came to the boudoir, as it was called, Mr. Hopkins looked very knowing indeed.

"I see, sir—I see! Lady's room, in fact, I presume?" with a smile and a bow.

"Well, yes!" said Francis Heatherly, coolly.

The result of these few words was, that in the space of twenty-four hours, the news was bruited from one end of Newbury to the other, that Mr. Heatherly was going to be married, as soon as Mr. Hopkins had finished papering the house.

Francis Heatherly himself heard the news, as well as the rest of the Newbury world; but he did not care. In fact, it was quite true. He *did* mean to be married.

Nobody could imagine who the lady was. Some said she was an old love, whom he could not marry before for want of means; others set a report afloat that she was a West Indian heiress, who had just lost her father; some declared she was young and handsome; others that she was old and ugly. Some conjured her up from the north, some from the south. In fact, public opinion was never more divided in its life.

Francis Heatherly took all this very coolly. He was carrying on the courtship after a fashion of his own. He did not want, he said, in his note-book, to pester Miss Graham. But, once a-day, he walked backwards and forwards before the house where she lived, to bring himself to her remembrance. He thought nothing more was needed.

He told his note-book many private bits of gossip: how Josephine sat at the window working, and how she was convinced she saw him. Indeed, he felt sure she chose that spot for no other purpose.

Her appearance pleased him more and more; he

told the book. He was daily convinced that she would adorn the sphere for which she was destined. He noticed the smooth gloss of her hair; the element of neatness and of comfort that seemed to surround her. He grew quite poetical once, and talked about a halo! But this was a form of speech not much indulged in by Francis Heatherly.

Once he said he saw her weeping, and he longed to dry her tears. But for some reason or other, before he could decide the point, she had vanished from the window; nor had she appeared there since.

In spite of this temporary eloud, Francis was still on the alert. Mr. Hopkins had finished his part of the contract, and the new paint and paper looked all freshness and beauty. Now came the furnishing.

He meant to have a great deal of new furniture to mix with the old. As a rule, he did not like old furniture. He was a new man, with a new fortune, and new connections. Everything about him was new; and so were his tastes.

Many precious heirlooms were consigned to the broker's without a sigh. In their place were put modern articles of use, or ornament, that scarcely looked so much at home as the old ones had done. Then came bran-new carpets, bran-new curtains—in fact, the ancient house was dressed in as youthful a style as could be, and with the usual effect.

People said it was not a success. But, then, a man could not bring a wife to such a place, unless he did furnish it up a little. And the old wonder began, as to who the wife might be.

One part of his establishment Francis had left intact. The fat housekeeper was still queen regnant. But it was intended to depose her immediately on the advent of Josephine.

And that advent, he began to think, need not be delayed much longer. His house was ready.

He pleased himself with treading softly over the bright carpets, and catching the sight of himself in the shining furniture. Yes, it was quite ready; why not fetch Josephine?

He meant to have a quiet wedding. He was not a man for show, he told his book. He was a domestic man, with simple tastes, and no fuss about him. Yes, he meant the wedding to be very quiet indeed. He would go the next day and ask her. He had been very considerate. He had waited patiently, and, like a practical man, set his house in order, ready to receive her. Well, now she might come!

It made him rather nervous too, though he said nothing to his book on that score.

When he had put on his best attire, his glossy hat, and polished boots, he did not feel quite so courageous as he expected. But, then, it was rather a delicate piece of business, and the sooner it was over the better.

In as short a time as the cab could rattle him there, he was at Prospect Cottages. Well! it was disagreeable to feel his heart going thump, thump, and to have his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth. But the strongest nerves and the coolest intrepidity are apt to quail at such times as these.

She was at home. There she was, at work in her neat, pretty room, an odour of violets and early primroses scenting the air. There she was, calm, grave, and handsome. Yes, assuredly she was handsome.

She smiled when she saw him. She could not help it; but the grave expression came back again, and, after she had risen to receive him, she sat down, and took up her work.

"Ah, working for her bread!" thought Francis Heatherly.

He sat and looked at her. It was a pleasant little nest she had made for herself, amid all the wrecks and storms around her. There was an atmosphere so pure, so calm, so good, that the man felt a few sensations such as he had never before experienced. Her patient industry, her cheerful resignation to her lot, the absence of all complaint, her energy, her independence, commended themselves to his better feelings. He forgot, for the moment, to be arrogant and boastful; and he thought—yes, he felt sure—that if he had ever loved a woman, that woman was Josephine Graham!

All this time her busy fingers never ceased their toil. Her sweet, grave face, was bent over her work. She was perfectly composed; indeed, not a nerve or muscle stirred, or ever would do, at the sight of him.

It was very awkward indeed to know what to say. We hear of optical delusions—of the lake in the desert, that is only sand; of the castle, in the air, that is built on a myth. What a great castle he had been building! Would it stand or not? However, it would not do to lose heart; he had never yet been brought to a nonplus; and, really, she was very beautiful.

"I have ventured to pay you another visit," he began, at length; "I hope you are pleased to see me."

She smiled again; that sudden, involuntary smile, that was gone almost before it came. She raised her eyes to give him one look, and then her busy fingers began again. He could not tell whether she was glad or sorry; he could not tell anything. The perplexity vexed him. He was determined to come to the point at once. "Faint heart," he thought, "never won fair lady."

"Miss Graham," he began, nothing could be more strained and unnatural than his manner of wooing, "Miss Graham, will you kindly give me a few minutes' attention?"

He was horribly nervous; more so than he could have believed. But, come what might, he would go on.

"Miss Graham, will you have the kindness to remember the turn the conversation took the last time I did you the honour of visiting you?"

A quick, angry flush came into her cheek. She was about to reply, but he prevented her.

"I told you then, that the only reparation I could make, was to—"

She rose. There was no mistaking her feelings now.

"Excuse me," said she, "if I remind you of your promise: that the subject was never to be renewed—"

that, on those terms only, would I allow any kind of friendship between you and myself."

She spoke with an energy and determination that, for the moment, shook his fabric to the very foundations; and he was afraid she would leave the room, and not enter it again till he should have taken his departure.

The aspect of things was by no means encouraging. He began to be alarmed. He thought he had better bring the whole of the argument to bear upon her.

"You will change your mind," he said, "when you know what I have been doing. I have had the house papered and painted from top to bottom; I have bought new furniture, without any regard to expense; I have made the old place look quite magnificent. It was done entirely for your sake—that is, when you should do me the honour to become Mrs. Heatherly."

He brought out this as the culmination. He could do no more. Her face had undergone several changes while he spoke. At first there was the flush of annoyance and displeasure; then this passed, and there came an expression of amusement, and a smile. She would not have smiled, if she could have helped. It was really a serious piece of business, but she could not help; and she did smile. When he had finished she said, quickly, and she was grave enough now—"I am sorry that you should have taken so much trouble. Why did you not give me a hint of your intention? I could then have prevented you in time."

Prevented! Surely she was not going to refuse him again—him and his house!

"I hoped," said Josephine, earnestly, and grieved at the look of blank disappointment in his face, "I hoped I had set that matter at rest for ever."

"No, you had not," replied he, with a simplicity that was absolutely ludicrous; "I never imagined you could have been so mad as to refuse me!"

Josephine laughed; it was impossible to deal seriously with such a character as Francis Heatherly. She thanked him for his good intentions, and softened the refusal as much as she could. But white is white, and black is black. There it was, a refusal as point blank as ever.

He liked her more and more every minute. Gradually, though he knew it not, an interest had been springing up in his mind, that was very near akin to love. At this moment, as he looked into her face, it would be difficult to map out the boundary-line between the two. He liked her face; he began to think it unlike any other he had ever seen. Her voice, how musical it was! There was an abstract pleasure in being in her society; she was just the woman he had, now and then, dreamed of, but never found. In fact, why do we trifle on the verge of a disclosure? Francis Heatherly had fallen in love. He was in love; for once, his own integrity and pure code of morals slipped a little out of sight, and into his horizon there came looming up—nothing but Josephine!

"Pray consider the matter over a little, now," he said, pathetically. "You have no idea what a cruel disappointment you are inflicting on me. Surely you will relent."

"No," said she, softly, and yet with firmness; "in this case there can be no relenting."

It was very strange! The fortress seemed so easy to be taken. Just a woman's caprice—that was all—and a woman in need and obscurity, earning her daily bread! A woman disinherited and cast out of society; and he, rolling in wealth and with the world on his side. It seemed unaccountable! Yet, there the fortress stood, secure and inaccessible; no argument of his could shake it. Again she had refused him! What could he do? He began to be in real distress. He could not endure to be thrust out from the sight of her. He must come again—and would she let him come as her friend? But her terms had not improved. She declined his visits, using mild and courteous language to him; but she declined them altogether.

"I am living alone, and the fewer visitors I have the better," she said.

He could not force himself upon her, even as a friend, though he was Francis Heatherly. There was nothing for him, but to take up his hat and depart.

At all events, there was one woman in the world, who could not be bought for gold!

(To be continued.)

THE BETTER LAND.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN.



HERE was a fearful storm at sea: the wind blew, the waves rolled mountains high. In the midst of them laboured a small vessel; on board of her were, besides the crew, a family, consisting of a father, mother, and two little children, who, after a long absence in foreign countries, were returning to their home. After a time the storm lulled, but the vessel had suffered so much in the tempest, that it seemed impossible for her to hold together long enough to reach land. Under these circumstances

the crew decided on abandoning her, and taking to the boats, which, though small, were seaworthy, and they knew that the sea in which they were was thickly studded with islands. They announced their determination to their passengers, who readily agreed to the proposal, but the next difficulty was how to divide the party. The boats were so small that they could neither of them hold above three or four people, and the husband would not consent to be separated from his wife, nor she from her children, as, once launched on the stormy sea, it was not probable the

boats could keep together. It was, therefore, arranged that the family should take the smaller boat, while the larger one was to be occupied by the crew. For a time they kept near their companions; but night came on, and when daylight reappeared the unfortunate family were alone in the midst of the waste of waters with no compass, and no means of knowing where they were. They could only pray that a merciful Providence would guide their frail refuge to some friendly shore.

After many hours of anxiety, the welcome sight of land greeted them. Thither the father steered. It was but a low, rocky, barren island, uninviting in appearance, but it was land, and as such appeared a paradise to the poor shipwrecked ones. With much difficulty the father contrived to land his precious freight, but the boat was knocked to pieces amongst the rocks, and with it perished all hope of leaving the island, unless some passing ship observed their signals.

Years, however, rolled on. No ships neared the island. The family found a shelter in a cave, and the few plants that grew in the interior of the island, the sea-birds' eggs, and the turtle which frequented its shores, afforded them sufficient food. The children grew up strong and hardy. They had been so young at the time of their shipwreck that they could recollect no other home; they had all they needed, and cared for no more; but the parents pined after their friends, their home, and all the comforts and (to them) necessities of life of which they had so long been deprived.

At last, after five or six years had dragged slowly on, a small craft, hardly larger than the boat in which they had reached the island, was descried approaching them. In it were four dark-complexioned men; whence they came, or to what nation they belonged, could not be ascertained, but they contrived by signs to make the father understand that their vessel was not large enough to rescue the whole family, but if he would trust himself to them, they would conduct him to their home, whence he could send assistance to his family. The parting was heartrending; the mother and children clung to him, for where he would be taken to, how long he would be absent, and if these people were friendly, they knew not; but still the parents felt this opportunity of escape—the first they had had during all these years—was not to be neglected, and there was but little time for hesitation. The strangers were anxious to leave; they tore the father from the arms of his weeping family, and hurried him into the boat.

"Oh, why does father leave us," cried the children, "to go with those frightful, dreadful men?"

"He goes to a better country, my darlings," answered the mother, "whence he will send for us, and there you will have nice clothes to cover you, warm houses to live in, and good food to eat."

"Nay, dear mother, why should he leave us for that? Have we not here all we want? Does not our cave give us shelter from the rain and sun? Have we not soft beds of feathers to lie on, and as much food as we want when we are hungry?"

"See, my children," replied the mother; "you have never known otherwise; but in that good land to which your father has gone, and to which we shall follow him, people build houses, in which you can walk about. Light is let in through openings which are filled with a thing called glass, which keeps out the cold, whilst it allows the warm sun-rays to enter; you have soft woollen and linen stuff to clothe you and keep you warm; sweet milk to drink, and delicious fruits to eat;" and so she continued to try and draw her children's mind away from the loss of their father, from whom they had never before been separated, and at the same time, to reconcile herself to her husband's departure by picturing to them the luxuries from which she had been so long debarred, and which were to them unknown.

Anxiously did the mother and children during the following days scan the horizon from the highest point of the island. At last a small sail again approached; it was the four friendly strangers, who brought the mother a letter from her husband. Alas! a fresh trial awaited her! He wrote that he could not procure a larger boat; that the intricate and difficult navigation of those seas required at least four experienced sailors, and that she must, therefore, resign herself to trust the two children to the hands of the strangers; that they had brought him in safety to their home, which was only a small village, but whence, when she and his children joined him, they would be able to make their way to a sea-port, and thence travel homewards.

Bitter was the mother's grief at this fresh separation. Her husband vouched for the fidelity of these men, but the sea—the treacherous sea, which in those latitudes was so constantly disturbed by sudden tempests. Should she ever see her precious boys again? Heartrending were the children's lamentations when they found they were to be parted from their beloved mother to go with these black strangers. To calm their grief she mastered her own, and encouraged her boys, telling them that a few hours would see them safe in their father's arms, and that in a very short time she, too, would rejoin them.

The poor bereaved mother watched the little sail until it gradually sank below the horizon. Her ear was strained to listen for every sigh of the wind, and her eyes watched every cloud; but how her heart beat with joy and thankfulness when she again caught sight of the little sail nearing the island, and with what a grateful heart did she return thanks to Almighty God, when she again folded her beloved ones in her arms!

The reunited family again started on their journey to that home from which they had been so long divided. This time they reached it in safety. How happy the children were when they first found themselves under shady trees, and walking on soft, green grass; how they admired all the pretty animals by which they were surrounded, and how they enjoyed all the sweet fruits and other country luxuries which their new-found friends lavished on them!

"Darling mother!" said they, "how wrong we were to fear those good black men who came to fetch us away from that horrid, barren island! We ought rather to have rejoiced that they first gave us the means of reaching this beautiful country, and seeing all our dear friends."

"Dear children," answered the parents, "let our journey from the island always remind you of that other journey which we must all take, and in which no one can accompany us. We told you that the separation from us, bitter though it was, was but for a time, and for your good; that you would thereby derive advantages of which you then knew nothing. You were unwilling to believe us; you were contented with what you had in the island, and could not imagine that you required or could procure greater comforts than you enjoyed there. The island is like this world: we enjoy ourselves here, and think we have all we can require, and are surrounded by all that is dear to us, and when Death—that messenger who conveys us across that dark, unknown sea—comes, we tremble, and shudder, and implore that we may be left longer, and yet a little longer here below. Let us, therefore, always remember that for those who love to do the will of our Father in heaven, there is a land prepared which surpasses all that we can imagine; and may we so live, that when He sends to summon us away we shall, indeed, realise that we are but going to that 'better country' where there is neither sorrow, nor weeping, nor parting more. Keep this ever in your mind, dear children, and when the time comes for us to leave you, remember that we only go before you to that happy land; and God grant that when a few short years are past, you may also be found ready and willing to follow us thither."

L. L. C. B.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 608.

"Then cometh the end."—1 Cor. xv. 24.

1. T irzah	1 Kings xvi. 15.
2. H adoram	2 Chron. x. 18.
3. E lizur	Numb. x. 18.
4. N ineveh	2 Kings xix. 36.
5. C arpus	2 Tim. iv. 13.
6. O nesiphorus	2 Tim. i. 16.
7. M esha	2 Kings iii. 4.
8. E kron	1 Sam. v. 10.
9. T innath-serah	Josh. xxiv. 30.
10. H ebron	Josh. xiv. 13.
11. T atnai	Ezra v. 6.
12. H ebron	2 Sam. iii. 27.
13. E kron	2 Kings i. 2.
14. E ndor	1 Sam. xxvii. 8.
15. N abshon	Numb. vii. 12.
16. D elaiah	Jer. xxxvi. 25.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

A MOTHER gazed on her first born child,
And called him a gift from Heaven;
Her heart must have swelled with thankful pride
When a second son was given.

Alas! that sin should have entered in
To mar that mother's joy;
Her spirit must oft have been sorely grieved
As she watched her elder boy:

For he ran a career of sin and crime,
Placed under Jehovah's ban;
But the younger son, by his righteous life,
Though dead, still speaks to man.

1. The town where Christ's first miracles were wrought.
2. This month was Israel forth from Egypt brought.
3. An individual of the chosen race.
4. A churlish man, whom God swept from his place.

"THE QUIVER" ORPHAN-HOME FUND.

(TWENTIETH LIST.)

[We shall be glad to receive any Lists which may still be out, as our account must be closed within a few days. A statement of the Fund will shortly be issued.—Ed. Q.]

£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Brought forward from List	S. B. "Poplar Tree," Buck-	N. Dand, Brendon, Coventry	Sarah and Mary Fawcett,
Street	ingham Road	1 2 0	Bristol
Mrs. E. Moreton, 15, Church	M. S. H.	0 13 6	George Philip, Coventry....
Street, Birmingham	John S. Merfield	0 3 6	J. R. Vain, Hanley
1 2 6	Edwin Perry, 33, Norfolk	0 9 0	Mrs. N. de Felley, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 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